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NORMAN J. COLMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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AGRICULTURE.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

Soil is the great chemical laboratory of the farmer. Here is his wealth; and here he is to draw from to enrich himself, and to support his family.

Now there is a way to draw this valuable material from the soil—and only one: that is, vegetation. And as the different plants have different properties, that is, require different nourishment to develop them, so the right plants must be used to draw up and appropriate this wealth of the soil. Not any plant will do for any soil.

But how shall the farmer know? That, indeed, is the great difficulty. He does not know, only what he learns from experience—and then he is not always observing in his experience. Generally, we may say, he has not the perceptive faculty to note correctly what he observes. Here then we see the necessity of knowledge in the farmer. And to ignore this necessity, is fighting against his own interests, against nature, which is immutable. The farmer has got to come to it in the end. Nature will not change for him; he must conform to nature: he must inform himself.

What a field here for operation in this rich soil of the West! It needs but skill—knowing how—and then success is within reach. This skill our Agricultural Colleges propose to furnish us. This is the first grand step in the progress of farming. It is taking the "practical" part of the farmer (which every farmer lays so much to heart), and uniting it with science—with knowing how to conduct the practical. Each farmer will therefore see what is for his interest. He will see that he doesn't know enough at present—that he knows how to work (or at least thinks he does); but that much that is around him, is a locked secret to him, which he has some faint notion about, but which only a course of instruction will let him see. This information he cannot get on the farm. It is therefore necessary, absolute, to go and seek it—seek it where all rational people do—in schools adapted for that purpose. As well keep your children out of the district school—have some excuse, about the lack of exercise, or something else, and keep them at home, as some do.

Any farmer, any farmer's boy, is a fit subject for an Agricultural College. But it should be a rule, adopted in the system of instruction, that practice, actual practice on the farm, be connected with the school, and from the commencement. The habit of farming, the taste, the inclination must be fostered. It should be the business of the school to encourage this inclination—to make farmers, or continue them when once enlisted. Few men in after life become farmers. They must be brought up farmers. Hence these Colleges must be made schools for farming, and nothing else. And it is the business of the people, to see that the school is not made a school for the spoils of office, to which

these institutions—all institutions—are tending. We must make the College a farm. That is the simplicity of the thing, and sums it up.—The school must not be a grand thing to dazzle and to flatter. It must be the home-spun thing that the farm is and the mind. Learn to do; at the same time learn how to do: that is farming. Let our schools so teach; and let each farmer see that they do. Now is the time, as our Colleges are being established.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

Working Horses When Young.

We work our colts too much, many of us. Their limbs are young and tender, and their mettle is up at the novelty of the first handling. Besides, we are not apt to have the patience required to treat an unpracticed colt. As they are worked, so will their limbs be affected. If carried to excess, there will be injury, and it will last. Prematurely will such horses die (as we have seen many a one), especially if kept at work after their early and severe training.

A horse, thoroughly matured—having age and strength, and muscles developed by moderate exercise and judicious treatment—care taken of the animal that his limbs become, not only toughened, but developed, filled out, so as to support the more labor and fatigue:—this is what is wanted. When thus developed, and toughened by time, gradually—there is scarcely any amount of work that cannot be got out of such a horse. And he will last. We have seen horses at 30 do a hundred's work. Richard Carter, of New York, had several that we now remember. They were always humanely treated; and they did, during their lifetime, a far greater amount of labor than is usually allotted to horses. They were treated with tenderness when young. This was continued. The horses were strong, always reliable, and always fat—too fat we thought—but their owner (a shrewd old farmer) thought differently. These heavy strappings in youth—frame racked, and muscles overcome—and in such condition the straining continued:—this is hurtful. We remember a span of horses who were treated to hard labor from the time they were three and four years old, till up to eighteen. They were then barely capable of walking, to say nothing of labor. They were stiffened and diseased, lame and blind (one of them, caused by straining—for they were willing, and never flinched)—in a word, they were used up, and died in consequence. Verdict: "Worked too hard when young." Else had they been favored till mature age, they would have been able to endure with little harm what was too much for an early-racked system. The wise sporting man knows that the early hard work of his three or four year old is at the expense of future nimbleness and endurance.

Exercise a colt: he needs it. He is full of life, and must have development—and exercise is one of the requisites to this development; and the buoyant spirits of the colt are the best aid. But use a mild, cautious hand. Let there be encouragement rather than severity. Above all use judgment. Horses vary as well

as men. They must be treated according to this various disposition. Rules for every shade cannot be given. The man must understand his horse—understand horse nature—and his hand must be the hand of instinct. Let him learn to respect that master. This is the relation that should be sustained—and then the animal will become a tractable, a willing servant.

Mutton the Meat for Farmers.

The cheapest meat for farmers is mutton. It may safely be said it costs nothing. The wool that is annually sheared from the body of every sheep, richly pays for its keeping. In this climate it costs less to keep sheep than at the North, on account of the shortness of our winters. Then there is the increase—an item of great importance. The increase is so much clear profit. From this increase the farmer can get all his meat for the year if he likes.—Or he may save the lambs and take some of the older sheep in their places.

The pelt of the sheep, if killed for mutton, is also saved and sold, which is worth nearly as much as the sheep would sell for.

It is also the most convenient meat to have on hand. In the warmest weather a farmer can take care of one sheep after being killed, without letting it spoil. With beef this is not so easy.

One hand can kill and dress a sheep in an hour. It takes but little time or trouble to kill a sheep, not near as much as to kill and dress a hog or a beef. On account of convenience and economy, we say keep sheep and live upon mutton.

We have said nothing about its being the healthiest food. This is admitted. It needs no arguments or facts to prove it. It is true that pork is the chief meat of farmers. It is the unhealthiest of all, whether fresh or saturated with salt to preserve it sound.

Let every farmer keep sheep. They are the most profitable stock on a farm. The hog's back only yields bristles, while the sheep's yields downy wool. All that you feed to the hog is gone, unless you kill it, while the sheep will pay you for its keep with its fleece yearly. The hog is a filthy, voracious animal—the sheep gentle as a dove and neat and cleanly.

TEMPER IN TREATING STOCK.

The farmer's stock around him partakes more or less of the quality of the owner or those who attend upon it. A man's influence is imparted to his beasts, particularly the horses, the working cattle, and the milk cows. A man of irascible temper gets up nervousness in a horse or a cow. The brute becomes afraid of him; and, if of a vicious nature, is apt to be hurtfully, spitefully influenced, perhaps irreclaimably spoiled—whining, in mild-tempered, disinclivous mad, will gradually smooth down the asperities of a harsh disposition. We have known milk-cows, wild as deer, brought to a placid tractability. The man is a superior animal, and his superior influence will be communicated. Wise stock-men keep fools and irritants out of their stock-yards.

WORKING THE SOIL WET.

One word about working the soil. The clay, which is an important element, and extends to all cultivated ground, is the most delicate thing to manage in the world. If plowed wet, it is spoiled—at least for several years. An important element in the soil is thus neutralized. We have known whole fields, and fields in part, rendered almost worthless, by simply harrowing after a shower. There was a large predominance of clay, and no sod turned down, no manure, to ameliorate by fermentation. We once lost a crop of barley in this way—and have had similar results with other grains.

Deep-rooting crops are less affected by wet-harrowing; but plowing when wet will affect all crops. This packing and then baking clay is seen everywhere. Work almost any soil where clay largely predominates, and you will find it harsh, more or less lumpy. This lasts for years; though the frost, and the action of the elements, are constantly trying to restore the soil; and they will do it the more readily if aided by manure and lime. Salt and ashes are also good. But the way to do is to avoid the evil. Work when dry—not hard; or work not at all. Top-dress if for meadow or pasture, or bide your time. Keep your good soil idle rather than hurt it. But it will not be idle. It will grow you something—grass luxuriantly, and without fail, give it but the seed (re-seeding if necessary) and a little fine manure worked close to the surface by a brush or light harrow. In nothing are we more careless—in positively nothing—than in this—because we do not realize it. We see the effect, but impute it to something else, or consider it the natural condition of a worked soil, perhaps exhausted, when the fault is all in us.

We do not exclude sandy soil, which when deprived of its lesser quantity of clay, is still to that extent in the same condition as a soil with a large amount; in both cases the clay is neutralized. Keep your soil in heart, healthy and alive. Bake it, and it is dead; yet have what you know very well is made of it—brick.

Horse manure is an excellent manure; develops berry rather than straw; except for a hot-bed, always rot this manure thoroughly, as its pungent principle unfermented is hurtful to vegetation.

Grain Lifted by the Frost.

This is done only where there is water. The water becomes frozen, and thus enlarged, that is, swells out—and as it cannot swell downward—it expands upward. The grain goes upward with it, unless it reaches with a smooth root below the action of the frost, and fastens itself in the under soil. This, however, is rare. Wheat, grass, &c., are lifted—and as the soil settles, upon thawing, the plant, being lighter than the soil, is kept at the surface; its place below is closed up. Frequent freezings will thus throw out a plant entire. Where there is but little water, there is but little effect. In a well-drained, porous soil, there is no moisture to affect anything seriously. The lift is so slight, that, unless there is an unusually great amount of rain, with freezing and thawing, the result cannot be seen—and then it is not a serious thing.

HOPS IN THE WEST.

We learn that there is almost a total failure of the hop crop at the East. Nearly all the hops used in the United States are grown in some five or six counties in the interior of the State of New York. Most of those who have been engaged in cultivating hops, have become wealthy, although partial or total failures are frequent in that section. The hop is subject to blight, to the depredation of the fly, and other mishaps in that section.

The growers there consider the business a paying one if they can average from 12 to 15 cents a pound for the hops they produce. But in consequence of heavy foreign demands, and of partial failure in some sections, they frequently obtain 50 or 60 cents a pound. Our object in writing this article, is to call the attention of Western farmers to the cultivation of this crop. Hops are indigenous to our soil. This is not the case in New York. They can here be found growing wild in the woods in the greatest profusion. We have never seen any affected here by disease or by insects. We believe that in this climate, if cultivated, they will not be subject to the diseases and depredations which prevail at the North. We have watched the hop here closely for nearly twenty years past when cultivated for family use and growing wild, and have universally found it healthy and productive. Being indigenous here, it is undoubtedly adapted to our soil and climate. We think it will prove as certain a crop as wheat or corn if cultivated. The average price for the last ten years has been from 30 to 40 cents. No other crop will pay such a profit at this price. Hops are very largely consumed in all our Western towns and cities by brewers, distillers, druggists, bakers, &c. A constant and heavy demand always exists for a good article. We merely call attention to this matter now, but hereafter will give full direction for planting, cultivating, and securing the crop.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

HOW TO TRAP GOPHERS.

If any of your readers are troubled with gophers, and have not learned how to trap them successfully, I can tell them in a few minutes, so that they can catch them nearly every time the traps are set, and by a little labor and pains can rid their farms of these destructive pests in a little time.

I have seen various contrivances of traps, but a steel-trap is the thing; they keep what they call gopher traps at the stores; these have circular bows, and, instead of scolloped edges, have four sharp teeth an inch or so long, one or more of which is pretty apt to enter the body or legs of Mr. Gopher when caught.

When I first began to trap gophers, I set the trap along a straight run, covering the hole up carefully, and they almost invariably filled the hole up choke-full of their fine dirt, burying the trap at the bottom without springing it.

Now I find a fresh casting if possible—dig down to the hole and follow it by a narrow trench, till I come to where the path forks; right is the crotch I set my trap, covered over with a wide board and fine dirt, so as to exclude the light, and Mr. Gopher comes travelling by unconscious of danger, and into the trap he goes, forelegs and shoulders first generally, and the prize is yours.

I never bait nor cover the trap, but set it where, if he comes running that way, (and not pushing his dirt before him,) he can't help running into it. Another favorite way of mine is, if I feel sure the gopher is in a certain direction, to set the trap as above and leave his hole open a piece beyond in the opposite direction; he comes along to fill up the open hole, but before he gets there, falls into the trap set for him.

C. S.

It is the opinion of John Johnston near Geneva that high winds are hurtful to wheat at the flowering time.

The simplest smoke-house is a hogshead.—Tested for many years.

We have not followed the suggestion of surrounding a jar of ice with feathers to preserve it, but it looks reasonable. Feathers are a non-conductor of heat, and therefore prevent warmth from getting to it.

TOO PRACTICAL.

Not all utility; all utility is slavery; labor, mere labor, is slavery. The practical alone, therefore, is not good. And yet there are people like this. Give us the practical, give us the useful, they will say—in a word, give us life without its enjoyment, is what they mean. They see not the bright side of life—because they are moles; they were born, it seems to work in the dark—to do the world's drudgery.

Such men are not to be our guides. However respectable, they are but the dray-horse to carry the luxuries of others. All departments have them, the farmer as well as the rest; but the farmer less, as the mellowing influences of nature have an effect—the sun to give prosperity, the showers to do the same, with their freshness to boot, which the housed-up merchant gets not. The green earth has its influence, and the softening sky. In evening red, and its morning brilliance, impress themselves. Even the greatest churl, the most down-trodden man, will lift up his face at such a sight, till the face and the man become part of the scene. So thoroughly in the hands of nature, a man cannot be entirely wicked. This is one advantage of the farmer's vocation. But there are drones, and hearts crusted over, even among the men that God appointed to preside over his fields. Evidently, they are out of place. Yet here, if anywhere, they will stand a chance to be reformed. It is the business of the rural journals to preach up reformation to these unfortunate brothers, and it is not their business to be preaching up only the practical, which makes themselves hard as the ones they are instructing. Let us mellow life as much as we can, especially the farmer's, who has it hard enough.

WINTER SHELTER FOR SHEEP.

Have our friends provided winter shelter for their sheep? or are they—many of them—neglecting it as usual—and, as usual, not having the best of luck with their sheep. Depend upon it that cold, in addition to wet, is hurtful. You will see it more especially in the spring.—Shelter is feed saved; strength kept, which would otherwise be lost; and wool improved by the good condition of the sheep, to say nothing about one of the most important points of all—the lambs which are to follow. A suffering sheep will produce a weak lamb. Among weak lambs, there is always mortality, and a stunt growth in the future body of the sheep. A weak, sickly lamb, will not make a first-class sheep, even under good treatment. Good treatment of sheep is profit all round—and shelter is one of the important points to be attended to. Build it, and invite the sheep in it; feed them there; let their salt be there, and the little titbits they need. Now is a good time to see to this thing—to prepare for it.

WHAT SEED TO SAVE.

Such as you wish to grow. Plant a bad potato, and you are pretty sure to get some of the bad properties. Plant only good, and you stand a reasonable chance for getting only good. So true is this, that now the best gardeners and agriculturists are careful in the selection of their seed, the potato as well as any. If you plant a small, unripe, watery potato, it requires a great effort of nature to furnish you a good potato. She does her best under good treatment, to give you good, or bad—but she can only succeed partially. But when she has a perfect thing to grow from, and good treatment, you will get perfect fruit. The best potatoes are the medium size, thoroughly ripe, and healthy. The largest and earliest ears of corn are always preferable for seed. So with other grain. This is one principle which accounts for the better grain and vegetables of our "best cultivators." They always select the best seed—often get it from abroad—an excellent plan.

FOUNDATION FOR BUILDINGS.—The "popping" of buildings, in cold weather, is a sign that the frost is busy raising them. As it does this unevenly, the report is heard in the frozen wall. Thus a building is lifted from one to two inches, according to the moistness of the soil. A thoroughly dry foundation is what is wanted to keep a building permanently in its place. Imagine a dwelling on a rock; that would be stable—and would meet the Scripture injunction.

How to Build a Stone Fence.

Where the frost penetrates the ground and disturbs it much, it is difficult to build a permanent stone wall—and any other is not fit to be built.

Round stones are out of the question in a frost-heaving soil. By throwing up ground on the outside, a wall may be kept for many years; but in the end it will be more or less racked.

A square flat stone is the thing for a fence. Anything that can be laid flat and solid, will do. But the wall should be laid with as little breadth as possible, with good-sized stones, and narrowest at top.

The (slight) movement of the frost will not effect, or at least not materially, such a wall; whereas, one made of round stones, would gradually become disordered, the least movement causing a displacement, which would never, by future action become corrected. A round-stone fence, once beginning to tumble, goes rapidly to confusion.

Where there is no disturbance of the ground by frost or otherwise, round stones will do, and will sometimes make a fine-appearing fence. Where there is frost to hurt, always pitch your stones inwardly, so that the tendency is rather to cling together than to fall apart.

JOHN JOHNSTON'S EXPERIMENT.

"I did last year what I never did before; that was plowing up wheat stubble and sowing again with wheat. It is a respectable looking crop: would that you had seen the one half of the field that I sowed salt a full barrel to the acre. The salted wheat stands much thicker, is considerably taller, came in ear fully four days before the other, and altogether looks richer every way; and as I had not salt enough to sow the whole field, I sowed the half that has hitherto brought the worst crop and latest in ripening. Now it is much the best. I can stand in the middle of the field and look forty-five rods each way, and see distinctly how far the salt came."

My great crop this season is winter barley. It is my first crop of that kind, and if it don't get laid it is as good as any man would wish to see. It is now getting yellow for the harvest. It was sown I think on the 11th and 12th of September, the field thoroughly summer-fallowed, rolled after the drill, and fully one barrel of salt sown to the acre. I never saw such a crop. My neighbor, Mr. Noyes, has also a very good crop; still should we have heavy showers mine might be greatly damaged, as it is both too thick and too tall. It stands about four and a half feet high. I sowed two bushels to the acre, but I am sure one and a half bushels would have been enough. If you lack faith in salt, I want you to try one barrel on an acre of wheat, on dry land. If it don't pay, charge the cost of the salt to me!"—[Genesee Farmer.]

John Johnston is not the only farmer that uses salt: It is used by other eminent agriculturists, and with equal success. All soils are not equally benefitted by it; but there is no doubt that most of them are, especially good soils. Here it acts somewhat like lime—an agent rather than a manure.

Make Your Own Neat's-Foot Oil.

A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* tells what they do with beeves' legs in his family:

The hoofs are chopped off, and the other portions are cracked and boiled thoroughly. From the surface of this boiled mass, about one pint of pure neat's-foot oil is skimmed, which is unsurpassed by any other oleaginous matter for harness, shoes, &c. After the oil is taken off, the water is strained to take from it any fatty particles that may remain, and then it is boiled again, until upon trying, it is found it will settle into a stiff jelly. It is then poured into flat-bottomed dishes, and when cold cut up into suitable sized pieces. It hardens in a few days, and then you will have a very fine article of glue, free from impurities of every kind, sufficient for family use for a twelvemonth. By taking a portion of this glutinous substance before it becomes too thick, and brushing it over pieces of silk, you will have just as much court plaster as you desire, inodorous, tenacious, and entirely free from those poisonous qualities which cause (as much of the article sold by apothecaries does) inflammation, when applied to scratches, cuts and sores.

It is a good thing to thoroughly mellow the surface soil before plowing, by harrowing and cultivating, as it makes the ground mellow under, where the roots have to do their work. A little ground well cultivated is a satisfaction; much land is a perplexity.

RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.

A horse will sometimes suddenly become lame—and it is difficult to tell what is the matter. The lameness acts like palsy—there is great tenderness—so that the horse is with difficulty got out of his track, if his legs are concerned.

The evil is brought on by exposure to cold and damp, as in the human species—hence is confined mostly (but not always) to fall, winter and spring. Hard treatment, heavy labor continued, will produce it, or hasten it on. For this reason old horses are most afflicted by it.

The disease is confined to the joints—at least generally. There is an increase in size of the capsules of the joint, and of the lubricating matter it contains. This is secreted in excess—and is doubtless in consequence of a vitiated state of the system, particularly the blood.

The remedy is therefore clear: cleanse the blood. Applications to the parts affected will be of little avail unless the circulating medium is purified, so that no foul depositions can take place. Physic then—and in extreme cases, take away blood. Rheumatism, in general, is unattended by swelling or inflammation. Where this occurs, fomentations should be resorted to: apply to the parts affected.

(Written for Colman's Rural World.)

Manure Must be Changed.

It is known that green manure, or manure fresh from the stables, will not do to apply to crops. This manure must in all cases be changed before it is thus applied. It must be decomposed (rotted). It is then plant and can be applied directly, either as a top dressing, or otherwise. In the liquid form it is the same thing. The juices themselves must be decomposed. Hence we see the injury which grass receives on the application of fresh night soil, or any fresh manure in the liquid form.

But green manure may be plowed in to great advantage where a fallow is made. Plow in with the first or second plowing, giving time for the action of the heat and the air upon the manure. It is excellent to mix thoroughly with the soil if not plowed too deep, or with the top-soil. We have never known it to fail in such case. On very poor soil it always has a wonderful effect.

EDITOR'S TABLE.**FAIRS IN MISSOURI.**

The following fairs will be held in this State: Boone County, at Columbia, Oct. 3d to 6th. Clinton County, at Plattsburg, Oct. 4th to 6th. Cole County, at Jefferson City, Oct. 9th to 12th.

WRITE.

Farmers will confer a great favor by contributing to the *Rural World* everything of interest to agriculturists. We want a journal unequalled in value, and variety of contents for those to whose interests it is devoted.

Godey's Lady's Book.

This is not only a Lady's book, but acknowledged to be the best in the country. We, with others, are receiving the benefit of its "tried" receipts, which are sufficiently copious to cover the necessary variety. Its "millinery," of course, is unsurpassed; and so we may say of the excellence of its getting up. You have no coarse paper and careless print. All is fine, white, and clear, fit for the most scrupulous parlor. The reading is unobjectionable and appropriate—of the first-class literature to which it belongs, the feminine and the moral—and it covers the whole field, with something for others. The October number is a gem. There are five representations of Scripture scenes from the Cartoons of Raphael, in the steel plate which accompanies this number, and which is absolutely unmatched for finish and brilliance of execution. The scenes represented are the following: The death of Ananias; Paul Preaching at Athens; Sacrifice at Lystra; St. Peter Healing the Lame Man; and Elymas Struck with Blindness. The terms of the Lady's Book are: One copy one year, \$3; four copies one year, \$10. Address, L. A. Godey, N. E. cor. 6th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Will you please inform me where I can obtain a pure thoroughbred Spanish Merino Ram and an Ayrshire Bull, and what they will cost me?

J. G. NANCE, M.D.

Roaring Springs, Trigg Co., Ky.

[Any of our readers having the above for sale, will please inform Dr. Nance.—Ed. R. W.]



HORTICULTURAL.

ROTATION OF ORCHARDS.

Trees do not come under the necessity of a rotation of crops. Their roots are constantly extending—not so much in length, as in fine roots, which are the means of support to the tree;—the large roots are only the ducts to carry the nutriment. These fine, hair-like roots, with their little mouths or spongioles, take up the fluid of the soil—and they are the only ones. These are constantly extending into new soil, whose strength is unimpaired. A good original soil therefore is all that is necessary. If the ground, so far as the roots extend, is sufficiently rich, manure need never be applied. It is for this reason that trees in some soils will bear fruit well a man's lifetime. Even the sod, where the soil is deep, has no effect. It is only on the shallow soil, where the roots are near the surface, and the ground is poor, that manure becomes a benefit—and then mostly where there is a lack of clay, else the strength will penetrate but little. In soils disposed to be leachy—which is generally favorable to trees—manure is of great benefit, as such soils are never over-rich, and the fertilizer will readily penetrate and find its way to the roots.

Now, as the time for planting is near, select rich, dry soil. Deep tillage will aid—the deeper the better—as the old native soil, which has lain for thousands of years, packed by the superincumbent mass, is hard—and the roots with difficulty penetrate. Trench therefore as deep as possible—trench *all* the ground of your orchard, if you wish it simply for an orchard—and plant the trees rather close, with low heads, so that they are well free when mature, but not much more. This thicket will form a barrier which the blast cannot penetrate: it is self-protecting. The sun also cannot hurt it, as it is apt to do naked trees in the spring in the period of alternating frost and sun. This will all be avoided.

Secure a deep, rich, dry, mellow soil, and you need never fear. The trees, so far as the roots are concerned, will take care of themselves—the same tree will thrive for a century. But the tops—these require your care constantly—and according to that care will be your crops, both in quality and quantity, especially in quality, beauty, &c. Let the sun and wind in freely—not in excess (the sun) on the naked limbs, as it will scald the sap, and your branch is gone: the leaves are calculated to take the sun. Especially do not expose at once, largely, any limb where the seasons are hot. An orchard thus treated, will not only be profitable, but permanent.

Top-Dressing for Strawberries.

A correspondent of the Massachusetts *Plowman* says: Supposing the land to be in good vegetable condition, and deeply dug, I know no dressing which will so delight the strawberry, as a heavy coat of dark forest mould. They are the children of the wilderness, force them as we will; and their little fibrous roots never forget their longings for the dark unctuous odor of mouldering forest leaves.

True every word of it, as we know. There are other means and soils that will grow strawberries—but forest mould, or muck, or chip-manure, is the most grateful, the most reliable. Such is our experience. Then, clean culture, and thorough mulching (with white manure, the finer the better,) just before the fruiting season—and there need be no fear about success in raising, not only plentifully of this luscious fruit, but of good quality. A little clay (at bottom, for the longest roots to draw from,) adds sweetness to the berry—any berry.

Cultivate more fruit, as fruit is the healthiest part of summer diet.

THE PEACH BORER.

Those people who have neglected their peach trees in the spring, should see to them now.—The egg-laying season of the borer-fly is over, and the worm is already making his depredations. The egg is laid on the bark of the tree at the foot. This is done from May till October. The insect then hatches and works its way into the ground. It enters but an inch or two, and there works into the bark of the roots. At first it is small, but grows to nearly an inch in length. With a knife it may readily be found in the bark and killed. Remove the ground carefully for a few inches—and if no gum is found on the bark, or no castings (in the form of fine saw-dust), there is pretty good evidence that the tree is sound. But if these are met with, rely upon it, the enemy is there—and it is the easiest thing in the world to destroy him. The best way is to heap up lime or ashes, or even soil, around the tree in May, and remove in the fall. Lye, applied as a wash, is also said to be a remedy, as well as a benefit to the growth and health of the tree. So is soap put in the fork of a tree. The other "remedies"—and they are numerous—we have little confidence in. Some are a contradiction, and some are destructive to the tree, and others are simply ineffectual.

KEEPING WINTER PEARS.

The pear is tender, very—not necessarily the tree, especially the standard, but the fruit—and it requires careful treatment. Sudden changes of temperature it will not stand—neither greater nor long-continued warmth; so also of sudden gusts of cold air, even if the temperature is but slightly lower in consequence. A pear will not stand what an apple will, whether in temperature or handling. There must be a greater degree of warmth—say three to five degrees above the freezing point—and a soft hand. Let air be let in gradually at times. The softer winter pears, i.e., the earliest, may be kept, in a cool fall, for three or four months; more substantial sorts, longer. But do not strain a pear too much, out of its season, it is not very good. We prefer preserved fruit (hermetically sealed) to such a pear. The Easter Beurre may be kept in good condition till well into spring: we mean of course a fruit well grown, with its properties in perfection. A fruit not having this—a fruit neglected—is hardly worth preserving; it must be for its great scarcity if it is. So much is owing to treatment in growing pears, that it is almost impossible to give directions for preserving. One fruit, the Winter Nelis for instance, will keep till spring in some cases. With other cultivators it is gone by Christmas. The difference is, as we have said, in growing the fruit: also in the temperature in which it is kept after picking. Climate, the age of the tree in some cases, as in the Vicar, which wants a thoroughly matured wood having age to perfect it—have an influence. Too much heat during the early fall, will injure the one side of a pear, the one next to the sun, and will hasten its dissolution, a thing that cannot be tolerated.

If not fully ripe, many sorts will not mellow—they will rot first.

When a pear has reached its perfection, what the tree can do for it, pick it, that is, a winter fruit. Put in barrels out of the sun. Keep in a shed or out-building, with some vent, as in the case of apples; leave there till the frost warns you of danger, which is always sooner than with apples—and then into the cellar.

Some fruit-growers, instead of putting their pears in barrels, lay them on the bottom of the cellar or fruit-room, from one to two feet in thickness. We think more uniformity can be secured in barrels, properly ventilated—and there is less handling the fruit—an important consideration. When in perfection, when mellow, do not keep minute longer. Eat, or give away, or sell. From that moment the quality rapidly departs.

TREAT MUCH AS YOU WOULD LITTLE.—If it is well to cultivate a few trees or a small patch thoroughly, why not a large orchard and a whole field—say ten acres of berries? If one pays, a thousand will. Is the expense greater? so is the profit. If there is a profit in one tree, there is a profit on each one of a thousand. This fact we are constantly overlooking. We are trying, with a little help, to do a great deal of work—and the result is, what it cannot help but be, a comparative failure. —[Cor. *Country Gent.*

THE POETRY OF FRUIT.

Delicate things are apples and pears, and the most sensitive of all, the peach. So with berries—the unctuous strawberry, and the voluptuous blackberry—which are the finest of rivals in the world—but each in its own way and not interfering with the other. These fruits require the most careful handling, especially the apples, pears, plums, peaches, &c., for these are to be kept. Treat them no harsher than the wind and the rain did, and the sunshine when it kissed them—and then there will be no danger. Then their fragrance will come out like so much gratitude for the good you bestowed upon them. This is the recompence of fruit in a great measure; the eating is not all—or the showing the fruit to your friends—though these are important. There is as much poetry in fruit, as in flowers. And it has the substantial withal. Its fragrance is its breath, to show what a life it has; and its color! Is their anything finer? And these comforting things we have with us all winter—all the brighter for being brought by candle-light, by fair hands, or, even the aged, and for being housed and taken care of so tenderly. And the man who cultivates them, becomes all the more attached to them—and you can almost see them respond in excess to such a one. Shall we, then, cultivate fruit? Shall we take care of it tenderly, what cannot take care of itself? Nurture it, save it from its enemies, the insects, and bring it carefully home to your garner.

The Best Raspberries for Indiana.

Having inquiries almost daily as to which is the most hardy variety of Raspberry, and also the surest and best yielders, I thought I would give a little of my costly experience through your paper. I have tried nearly all of those sorts we see advertised at a great expense and loss, and out of the whole have now retained for this changeable latitude, only the following sure and hardy sorts: Doolittle Black Cap, Ohio or Miami Black Cap, Purple Cane and Catawissa, 1st. I prefer these because they are certain and abundant bearers yearly. 2d. Because they do not send up suckers away from the crown of the root; and 3d. They never winter-kill, with the exception of the Catawissa, which does no harm, for the reason that it yields an immense crop of most delicious fruit on the new growth late in the fall, long after other raspberries and blackberries are gone. The Doolittle is an enormous yielder, fruiting as high as thirty to fifty bushels the first season after setting, and afterwards from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels. The Miami Black Cap is fully as large and abundant a bearer, and fruits from ten days to two weeks after the Doolittles are gone. The Purple Cane is my favorite for both family use and marketing. Its yield is almost beyond belief to those who have never seen it in bearing. The bush or cane is very strong, branching out in every direction, and literally loaded with fruit from top to bottom.

I noticed an article not long since in the *Country Gentleman* comparing the Philadelphia and other sorts. Now I cannot see how it is possible for that or any other sort grown to outbear the Purple Cane, for the bush of the latter is very large and rank, and it seems impossible to wedge in any more fruit than grow on them.

By the way I have noticed in the discussion of many of the earlier Fruit Grower Associations that it and the Philadelphia were pronounced identical. If, however, the latter throws up suckers, they are not, and for this very reason I am satisfied that the former is preferable, for it is not very pleasant work to be constantly hoeing up raspberry sprouts all over one's garden. The Purple Cane only increases from the tip of the new growth; consequently one is not troubled with such work. The fruit has been sent here from Chicago (87 miles) for years, and has always sold at very high prices.

The Catawissa should have all of the wood cut away in the fall; by so doing it sends up strong canes in the spring, which should be cut back in July, which causes them to branch out and make strong branching bushes. About the 1st to the 15th of September they will commence to fruit, and will keep on producing fine and delicious berries until frost comes. One or two dozen plants will supply any ordinary family with fruit daily for weeks.

All other varieties have proved a failure here, being killed down by our changeable winter, although some of them would prove valuable in a more southern climate. —[Cor. *Country Gent.*

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

THE DOUBLE ZINNIA.

One of the most important and valuable acquisitions of the last few years among popular flowers, is the Double Zinnia. The old varieties of Zinnia Elegans has always been a popular flower with the masses, and for the very good reason that they are showy, handsome flowers, of many shades of color, of robust habit and very easy culture, well adapted to our dry soils and sunny climate, forming huge masses of foliage and bloom, and capable of taking pretty good care of themselves when once started, seed coming up freely, transplanting easily, growing rapidly and blooming profusely. With all these good qualities, it is no wonder that they have become popular; and now, to the above qualities are added, double flowers, which make them immensely more valuable; for to our mind the old single ones always had a coarse, staring, gawky look, which is entirely removed by the large flowers of the double varieties.

Flowers of the Double Zinnia, are easily produced, as double and as large as a medium sized Dahlia, and in these respects it will prove a pretty strong rival to that favorite, while in many other respects, it far surpasses it, viz: in its long continuance in bloom, and flourishing in heat and drouth.

In colors it possesses all the shades of the old varieties which are numerous, including scarlet, crimson, pink, white, purple and hosts of intermediate shades.

Seeds (which should be procured of some good reliable seedsman) may be sown under glass early in the spring, or in the open ground as soon as danger from frost is over; the plants begin to blossom when quite small, and continue to increase in size and beauty until frost. The same flower will continue in perfection for six weeks or more; the plants branch freely, and grow over two feet in height, and should be set about twenty inches apart, each way in good soil; the places will soon be filled, as the Zinnia branches freely when accomodated with space.

Those who have not tried this desirable new flower, should not fail to do so next season.

C. S.

DEPTH OF SOIL FOR GRAPES.

It will do well enough to work the soil for a foot or eighteen inches for grapes, where but a few crops are wanted; but for a continuance of many years and many crops, deep working is as necessary as the slight tillage for the few crops. The tendency of the roots is downward, and never back to the surface. If therefore the under soil is hard and raw, the vine must suffer in consequence. It is hence that we see the many failures of old vines. These failures we seldom meet with on alluvial or other pervious soils; but on the high clay sub-soils they are common. This clay is cold—just the reverse what a grape soil should be. There should be sufficient clay mixed with other matter, so that the fruit may get the benefit of the clay, and no more. The man, therefore, who plants a vine for perpetuity, must dig and trench; he must work—and his work must be according to the time he proposes for his tree, for according to that time will be the extent of the roots; and as the extent of the roots is, so must be the culture of the soil.

Jefferson County Horticultural Society.

The fourth Monthly Meeting of this Society met pursuant to adjournment, September 9, 1865; President Walker in the chair. W. S. Jewett appointed Secretary, pro-temp.

Secretary E. F. Honey, sent in Constitution and By-Laws and minutes of former meetings; read and approved.

Mr. Wright being called on delivered an address on Peach culture, which was highly instructive.

The following named persons were received as members of the Society, viz: G. J. Rep, Peter Jennings, Dr. G. W. Varnum, V. J. Spalding, S. Richardson, T. W. Guy and G. P. Wetmore.

The Fruit Committee reported the following fruits on the table: Two splendid bunches Virginia Seedling Grapes, by Tom Walker; Catawba and Isabella grapes, Hubbardston Nonesuch apple (fourteen inches in circumference), and White Doyenne pear, by W. S. Jewett; fine Duchesse d' Angouleme pear, by Mrs. Wiator; Baldwin apple, by Mr. Bettie; Heath Cling and a fine Seedling peach, by Mr. Wright.

On motion of Mr. Thomas, persons having orchards and vineyards are requested to furnish lists of names and kinds to W. S. Jewett, at Pevely, or Tom Walker, at Hillsboro.

On motion the President was requested to have 500 copies of Constitution and By-Laws printed for use of Society.

Tom Walker, President.

W. S. Jewett, Secretary, Pro-temp.



[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

SUMMER.

I walk the pleasant grass;
And as I pass,
The butterfly and household bee
They go with me;—
Spreading their little wings
Along the vale, si doidw dool ylaz
Now here and there,
Or near, or far,
Or rising high, and higher—
They never tire.
And thus we kindly go together,
In this fair and sunny weather,
Without will,
And without word,

Each intent

To his own content,

To fill, avoiding sin doidw asitiray
To asid but alson atidw dail, asesito Je
What hollow things!

What sound

Comes all around?

Whence comes it? (Small ears lyddeler boos
So that it brings inq ait ai ylaz ealy
The quiet of the sky,
The woodland murmur nigh,
Lingering where the birds
(Not butterflies and bees)

Make music 'mong the trees—
A music sweeter than all words—
Not knowing that they make,
Without design,

All through the wild embowered brake, It; li
A harmony divine,

The brook takes up the song—
The brook that sang so long—
As if its music were to be
Forevermore a melody.

Here all is cool, and moist, and sweet,

In this delectable retreat,

These pebbles hear the sound for-a-y,

Once used to ocean's rougher sway;

It is the simple sound of yore,

And therefore sought and loved the more.

The little fishes too are cool,
And play and dart about the pool;

As if their life were made to be of flood tis
An ever-sweet melody, ben brad si lba r
And here I sit, and here wuld dwell,

Where all is peace, and all is well.

DEATH OF HANNAH F. GOULD.

One of the old lights of the New England life has gone out. Little we thought when we were penning the death of Mrs. Sigourney in our last issue, that our reference to Miss Gould would so soon be followed by her demise! She was near eighty years of age when she died; a maiden still, had, we believe, always lived on the paternal acres, at Newburyport, Mass., though born in Vermont.

Miss Gould was the light of the social circle where she lived, attracting the best society, and many eminent men and women of the country. She was ranked as first among the poets of her sex, and in the second class as a general poet. Of late years she has written little or nothing. In all, she has published, we believe, some three or four works—all unpretending and little popular as was the poetry of that day. In conversation she shone. Her virtue was as great as her talent, which drew so many lights. She was known for her morality. It was sterling, pure and healthy—of the New England type, but its better quality. Her great characteristic was her wit, her sarcasm, which was of the most polished kind, as many a one has testified, and still testifies. It was her element to be playful, yet reverent, and with an unusual clearness of intellect, and careful cultivation, she became the merciless tyrant of all immorality—brought to slay it. She never fully embodied in her poems what was so trenchant in her life. We see but shadowings, reflections now and then. The following is perhaps her best expression:

TRY TO YOUTHIGHT

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble, and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding while ages flee."

The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

There is none can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big round earth.

The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass;

And many a foot of me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.

I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;

She never before had been so near;

This gravelly ball, this mundane sphere;

And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort;

At length she said, in a gentle tone:

"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,

And beside a personage so august;

Absurd, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel."

And soon in the earth she sank away,

From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay,

But it was not long ere the soil was broke

By the peering head of an infant oak.

And, as it arose, and its branches spread,

The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,

"A modest Acorn, never to tell,

What was inclosed in its simple shell!"

That the pride of the forest was folded up

In the narrow space of its little cup!

And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,

Which proves that nothing could hide her

Worth!

And, oh! how many will tread on me,

To come and admire the beautiful tree,

Whose head is towering towards the sky,

Above such a worthless thing as I!

Useless and vain, a cumber here,

I've been idling from year to year,

But never, from this, shall a vaunting word

From the humbled Pebble again be heard,

Till something without me or within,

Shall show the purpose for which I've been?"

The Pebble its vow could not forget,

And, it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

REFINEMENT IN TASTE.

We should never blame a person for differing with us in taste. As well might the person blame us for differing with him. Taste is always right, so far as it goes,—it gratifies. The greatest critics must be content with this. But there is a difference in taste—and that difference is in degree—degree of refinement. Coarse food pleases him who never indulged in luxury. But give him the luxury, habitually, and he discards the common fare; his taste has become cultivated; and thus we ascend higher and higher in the scale of refinement. We taste of more—our experience is enlarged. Hence taste is a matter of extent—extent of knowledge and enjoyment. A person of "good taste" will avoid writing upon subjects that he is but partially acquainted with—not but that his style may be all that is needed—for that he understands. Acquaintance, experience, them are the requisites to a correct taste. The simple principle of taste is the same in all men; all love some things—those that they understand, and understand alike, so that tuition is alike, as it is generally in civilized countries, for people of the same language read the same books—and that makes taste identical—forms it on the same plane. But go beyond this, and taste becomes elevated. We should therefore treat such subjects only as we are well acquainted with. This shows good judgment, which is one of the principles of taste.

ADVANTAGES OF FEMALE WRITERS.

Women are often better correspondents than men. They have a gossiping way (which is the life of a letter), and a chance to get information which men do not have. They also have sentiment, pre-eminently—and do not lack in satire. Vivacity and spiciness are more aptly secured in our female than our male contributors. Paris has a corps of lady correspondents, several of which are connected with the New York press; and indeed, many a man, be it said, has a good deal of skill in writing for the press. Never apply to a quack or unknown person in case of sickness. Consult your family physician, or let nature take her course. The family physician, if any, is interested in your welfare. Two passionate lovers laugh at the world, and the world laughs at them.

HOW TO WRITE.

Not like this one or that, sat, in this way or that; not nice or elegant (we are too much aiming at "elegance"); not even to learn to write with true Saxon words—but to write right along as the subject suggests. "Yes, but there may be bad taste, and egotism of thought—in short, many things that the public might condemn." Then cultivate your taste, and get rid of your crude thoughts—in a word, cultivate yourself. Then you will not suffer uncultivated matter. Cultivate your mind up to the required standard. If it is not so cultivated, and you set up for a writer, you will only be disappointed. The world is full of such disappointments. A man must utter himself; that is the only true way. That makes our successful authors. They cultivate themselves; then write to please themselves—as naturally as though they were talking, or walking, or breathing. This is authorship. A man must be prepared for it; if not, all his art will be of no avail; it will only embarrass. Such a writer, how quickly his pen will tell! Like a living stream comes the language—and it is his, is himself. What we want in literature, is, great men given to us, or matter given by them, through them. Hence, literature is a cultivated art, i.e., the man is cultivated, prepared for his work. Now, in view of this, who will try to give us nice phrases, elegant rhetoric? Cultivate the man (to whatever you wish to devote him), then let him write "naturally." Then he will be individual himself, just what is wanted so much in literature. Frank Smith himself and Susan Jones: not that elegant ideal, nobody. Frank Smith and Susan Jones will be known then (not by name, but style,) just as Byron is, Dickens, Currer Bell, and all the great lights in literature. Have you, reader, this individuality in your style? or is it the common style which must have the name of the writer to accompany it, or it will not be known? That is a good question. Children the Masters.

We just visited a family where the children are the masters. It is a "respectable family," an "excellent family"—and that it is indeed. But there is a weakness in the parents; they are too lenient to their children. The young man grown is the most "important" young man in town. We saw him at home to-day, and there he is a tyrant—positively disgusting. We turned away from him with a shudder—and were glad to take leave of the family—not on his account alone—they were all of a piece. The young boy (10 years) was coaxed by his parents for half an hour to have his tooth extracted—a first ("milk") tooth, and nearly dropping out. But no, the coaxing, and the fifty cents offered, and at last a dollar—and the fact that a long canine tooth was crowded out of the arch by the will of the little persistent—all was of no avail. "I won't!" That was enough. Such parents have much to account for. Such children will be sadly disappointed in the world when they once enter that world to deal with it.

THE KATYDID.

The Katydid is a grasshopper—that is, it belongs to the grasshopper tribe. Its shape is quite curious: this in consequence of its wings, which take the form of a sharp ridge somewhat like a pod, the wings incasing almost the whole body, which is rather blunt and thick in comparison with the wings which extend beyond the insect nearly double its length. It is of a pale grass color, wings and all. Instead of hopping in the grass, it lives in the trees, generally in the tops. Night is its gait time. All night it is busy, calling to its mate, the male does this. And this call is the "katydid" note about which so much is said and sung. The imitation is not a good one. Instead of three notes, there are often four or five; and when a number of these insects are together they make night hideous.

Coffee keeps wakeful taken in large quantity. It is therefore good to counteract the effect of narcotic poisons, such as opium, laudanum, morphine, &c.

WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.

A little child dwelt by the sea,
And her home was the home of poverty;
She ran with bare feet over the sands,
And gathered shells with her small, brown hands.

Gay strangers came in rich robes bright,
But the little maiden shunned their sight;
And shaking her curls o'er her blushing face,
Sped away like a fawn that flies the chase.

When the strangers were gone, said the mother mild,
"What was it dismayed my darling child?"
"O, mother! my feet were bare and brown,
I had no bonnet, and then—this gown!"

She held up the skirt of her faded frock,

Sadly rent by the jagged rock;

And she said, with a deep and long drawn sigh,

Will I have such dresses as they, by-and-by?

Her mother smiled with a grave, sweet grace,
As she smoothed the curls from the half-grieved face,

And said, "When our ship comes in from sea,

You shall have fine garments and all things free."

"When our ship comes in," said the little one,
And away to the highest peak she ran,

And watched till the twilight dimmed the shore,

For the freighted ship and its treasured store.

Long and often she watched in vain,
No ship for her sailed over the main.

How many watchers in life there be

For the ship that never comes over the sea!

THE MOSQUITO.

The history of this insect is interesting from the time its egg is deposited till the insect emerges from the pupa state—in all about twenty days. The eggs are laid on the surface of water. The female fastens herself to some object that may present itself, and there lays her eggs, in the form of a boat, some three hundred in number, glued together, and entirely impervious to water. It is impossible to submerge the little shallop, so buoyant it is. In a few days the insect appears, and at once sinks into the water, a wriggler—the common wriggler of stagnant pools. In about ten days more, it changes into a "tumbler" as it is called. In this state it remains about the same length of time, ten or twelve days—then it prepares to come forth, a mosquito, with wings, and armed for depredation. At first, rising to the surface (where it gets its breathing through the entire larva and pupa state), it liberates its head; then places its fore-feet on the water for support, and gradually extricates its wings. It however, generally fails in doing this, for before the difficult thing is done, the frail shell, which is its support, upsets, and, good-bye to mosquito. In this way most of the insects are destroyed, drowned; for though the wriggler lives in the water, the mosquito is another thing. If it survives this mishap (that is, long enough to get its wings liberated), all is well, another mosquito, it may be said, is born in the world. But the female is the dread of the world, and at once goes in pursuit of her prey. She lives much longer than the male. Her proboscis is armed with several sharp points, finer than the finest cambric needle. These are insinuated into the flesh; they are so sharp that they cause little or no pain. It is an acrid juice that accompanies the sting or bite, which causes the sensation of pain. Damp weather is the favored condition of this insect. A long drought is hard upon it, both on account of the scarcity of water to propagate in, and the absence of moisture to sustain the insect. Hence it is a rule among sportsmen to wait till after a drought before they go on their annual excursions.

HINDOO CEREMONY.



In the above picture we have a representation of the horrors of Pagan darkness. It is one of the means adopted by Hindoo worshippers to propitiate their gods. Some of these deluded votaries throw themselves off a precipice; others allow themselves to be crushed under the great car of the Idol Juggernaut. Here one is swung on a large pole by the flesh of his back, enduring extreme suffering. Thus do human beings whose minds are unenlightened by the true Light of Heaven.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

'TIS BEST TO LOVE.

The world has millions that are loved: we all are loved. "None is so utterly desolate But some kind heart responds unto its own." This binds us to each other, all as one, A common brotherhood—we but select. And each to each is what we wish it were; Or else (what is too often known) love goes A-mourning, trailing in the dust—and life. Is not what God designed—a union Of hearts: we work our own fate—heaven but points The way—it leaves us free. Oh, erring choice! To ward the good designed for us—the good Which the Creator kindly gave to us— Brought to our door, so loved, so beautiful! To be a help through all life's wandering maze. We set aside the law of God—his will— His wanting to do good to us. We turn His proffered gift aside—and thenceforth mourn, And turn another mourner from our door, To catch a fancy, wild, delusive, vain, Ending in sorrow, and regret, and woe— While others walk the vale, and o'er the hill, In light and pleasantness, closer, and closer, In mutual confidence, with God to smile Upon their happiness, and light their path.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

SCRAPS.

The man who can harness lightning, may not be able to harness a colt.

Condemn not a thing when you are in a bad mood, for you will not do it justice.

In reading, we should enter into the merit of the subject, and thus give the life of it, our own feeling harmonizing with it.

Do what you like best if you wish to do it well.

It is an easy matter to fill a paper with the shears; it is a different thing to fill it with wise shears.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

A SUMMER DELL.

Oh, what a dell!

To be with such a sunshine, such a breeze

Among such trees,

How well!

How sweet to dwell!

The cares of life are far away

On such a day;

Even death seems but a step

To the shore

Where such sweet sunshine, such soft breeze,

Dwell evermore,

Among such trees.

JANET.

To CURE A CORN.—Remove the cause, tight boots. It is the only permanent cure.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR IN PUBLIC.

This is the mode in which the Emperor of France appears in public.

There are his aids and the Marshals of the Empire in attendance, with soldiers by the way, who stand ready to salute him and display the tri-colored flag, on which the name of the Emperor is emblazoned. They have just passed under a triumphal arch, over which is one of the Imperial eagles, which is also to be seen on their banners and in all their national devices.



WIT AND HUMOR.

WARNING TO LADIES.—Tattle begins with T. (tea.)

NEW DEFINITION.—Masculine, millionaire; feminine, million-heiress.

The only way to escape the importunities of beggars is to make yourself like one.

A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorn remaining for her future husband.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said a brother judge to Curran. "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

The Poles have failed in all their efforts to obtain their freedom. It is to be feared that they will never be able to erect themselves into Liberty-Poles.

That was a wise negro, who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: "Dat ar pends altoedder on how dey enjoy themselves."

Question by the Defendant's Council—"Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?"

Answer—"Not exactly, but he courted me a good deal, and he telled my sister Jane that he intended to marry in our family."

AN EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.—"We returned home on Thursday," says an editor, "after a trip of six hundred miles in about three and a half days, having in that time passed over four States, nine railroads, four oxen and a barouche. Any person who has done more in that time, will please forward his address and the small balance he owes us."

Aunt Nancy was noted for her shouting propensity, but in an evil hour, she took a turkey that belonged to some one else. The next Sabbath she fixed up to go to Church as usual, and her mistress asked her how she could have the hardihood to go to church and take on so after stealing, as she had done. "La! Miss, do you think I'd give up my blessed Saviour for one old turkey hen? No! never!" and off she went.

ALTERING THE TEXT.—An anecdote is told of the Bishop of Exeter, England. The scene is a church in Troquay; the Bishop is present but not officiating, and he sits with the congregation. The officiating clergyman ventures to soften to ears polite the phrase "Eat and drink their own damnation." He reads it "condemnation." A voice is heard energetically exclaiming, "Damnation!" The whole church is startled. But it is not a profane epithet they hear; it is the voice of the Bishop in rebuke of the officiating minister.

GLYCERINE.

A bottle of this should be kept in every family. It is a clear, colorless syrup; sweet—and forms the main principle in it. It has no smell if pure; hence is not disagreeable.

For chapped hands or feet it is excellent, preventing the air from reaching the skin—and hence keeping it moist, the great property of a cure in such cases.

It is perhaps the best hair-oil in the world—as it never takes on taint (heat not decomposing it save at 600°). Besides, it keeps the hair moist—as it has the merit of not being dried by the air—but on the contrary, draws moisture from the atmosphere. Thus it makes a sweet, pure, durable oil for the hair.

It is also the principal medicine for ear complaints, especially a dry ear. Pour a few drops into the ear.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

WAFFERS.—Two teacups of white sugar, one teacup of butter, one of cold water, one level teaspoonful of soda; roll very thin and bake quick.

GRAPE JAM.—Boil grapes very soft and strain them through a sieve. Weigh the pulp thus obtained, and put a pound of crushed sugar to a pound of pulp. Boil it twenty minutes, stirring it often. The common wild grape is much the best for this use.

TO TEMPER EARTHEN WARE.—When new, and before used for baking, put it in cold water to cover and heat it gradually until the water boils. It is less likely to crack.

BREAD SAUCE.—Grate crumbs of bread; put them in a sauce-pan with a sliced onion and salt and pepper; add as much milk as will allow it to be thick, and stir it over the fire till it boils.

STAINS ON SILK.—Stains produced by vinegar, lemon juice, oil of vitriol or other sharp corrosives, may be removed by mixing a little pearl ash with soap lather and passing the silk through them.

TO FRY BREAD.—If you have slices of stale bread, save them by frying after my fashion. Beat an egg into two thirds of a pint of milk; a little salt; soak your bread while your lard is melting; fry slow, have a nice brown both sides.

TO PICKLE MUSK MELONS.—Musk melons make a very nice, sweet pickle, by taking them when ripe, and using the solid part next to the outer rind. Cut in slices, or any shape you choose; place in a preserving pan, and cook slowly, half or three quarters of an hour, in a syrup proportioned—one cup of sugar to one pint of vinegar, with a little cloves and cinnamon.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pluck the grapes from the bushes, choosing only such as are perfectly sound and ripe. Scald them slightly by heating in a porcelain or brass kettle, and place them in a jelly bag to drain, first crushing the skins to allow juice to exude. To make the best jelly the bag should not be pressed, but the juice allowed to drain slowly without pressure. To one pint of juice add a pint of white sugar, heat till dissolved and the mixture comes to a boil. Pour into tumblers, sealing them over with white paper smeared with the white of an egg, (which will make the paper stick to the glass,) and place them in the sun till made.

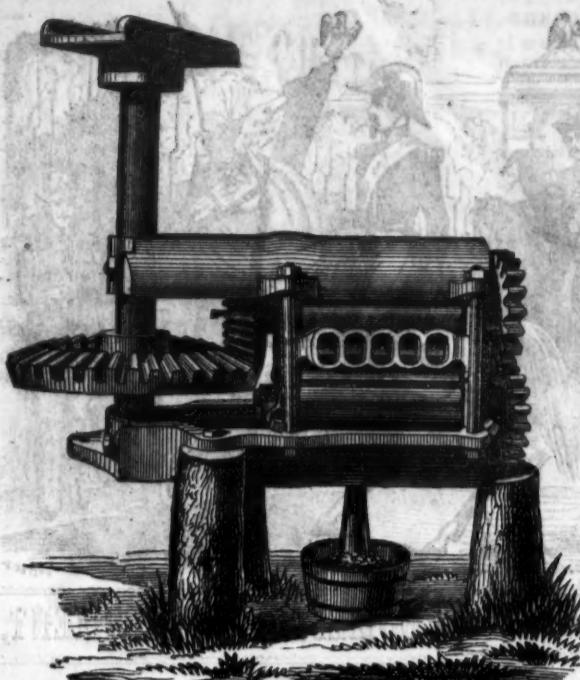
CORN PANCAKES.—Boil eight or ten ears of corn—pass a sharp knife down each row, and with the back of the knife or a spoon scrape off all the corn, but be particular to leave the hull on the cob. One gill new milk, two teaspoonsful salt, two eggs well beaten, and as much flour as will make a batter thick as griddle-cakes. Then add the corn. Have the lard boiling hot, and drop a tablespoonful at a time. When brown serve hot for dinner.

TO STEW PEARS.—To every pound of pears when peeled put half a pound of loaf sugar. Put the fruit into a stew pan and cover it with cold water, and shut the lid quite close. Stew the fruit gently till tender, and then add a few lumps of sugar. After stewing the pears two or three hours, put in the cloves—twenty cloves to six or eight pounds of fruit—and the peel of two lemons. Keep adding the sugar by degrees. If the syrup is much wasted add a little more hot water. They require stewing about two hours very gently. When they are nearly done, add the juice of both lemons—it will add to their flavor and brighten the syrup.—[Rural New Yorker.]

HOW TO FRY PORK.—Fried pork is not very good food, especially for dyspeptics; but to those who like it, or are compelled to use it for the want of other meat, the following mode of cooking is recommended as the least objectionable:—Cut the pork into thin slices, and take off the rind. Soak in cold water, to extract the salt; roll in dry flour, and fry very slowly until just cooked through—not browned in the least. Prepare thin batter of beaten eggs and a little milk and flour, into which dip the pork and return to the frying-pan just long enough to cook the batter.

CURRENTS AS DIET.—Are people aware that the currant is the best medicinal fruit cultivated—at least among our common fruits? Refer to the books, and you will find it so. Refer to experience, and you will find it so. No one was ever hurt by eating currants, unless unripe; then all fruit should be discarded.

HAZEN'S HORIZONTAL CANE MILL.



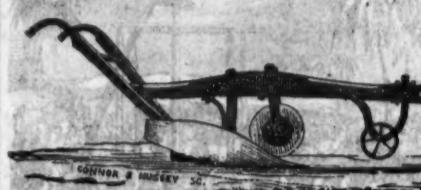
We are manufacturing Hazen's Patent Improved Horizontal Cane Mill, and think the advantages of a Horizontal Mill will be apparent to any one on examination. The cane feeds more regular and the juice flows from the roller without running into or gumming up the journals. The journals are accessible and easily oiled and adjusted, without the oil coming in contact with the juice, as is the case in the other mills; besides, the motion and capacity of the mill is

FOUR Times Greater

Pear and Peach Buds.
We have a large and choice lot of Pear and Peach trees, all carefully labelled, which have made a fine growth the present season, and from which we can supply a large lot of buds at budding time. They will be carefully packed in moss, so as to be sent safely to any part of the West. Price, \$3.00 per 1000 buds.

NORMAN J. COLMAN.

St. Louis, July 1, 1865.

JOHN DEERE'S
CELEBRATED
MOLINE PLOW

We are now enlarging our works, which will increase our capacity for manufacturing fully one-third with a view to supply the increasing demand for our make of plow.

Our list contains over FIFTY DIFFERENT sizes and kinds, among which will be found plows suited to every part of the Western country.

The reputation of the Moline Plow is well known. We claim that in shape, the gradual manner of lifting and turning the soil, the complete manner of inverting and turning under weeds and stubble, the depth to which you are enabled to go, and draft on the team and ease to the plowman—it has no equal.

We beg leave to present to the public, and more particularly to the farmers, some important

IMPROVEMENTS IN OUR PLOWS.

We are double shinning all our cast-steel plows, which consists of making the point of the share and that part of the mold-board most exposed to wear, of double thickness, making it fully half an inch thick. This with hardening, as we are doing all our plows, both cast and German steel, adds greatly to the wear of the plow, and the hardening insures their scouring in the most difficult soil, where plows have heretofore failed.

We have now in successful operation a complete set of Dies for forging and shaping, which enables us to make each particular part of the plow precisely alike. This is

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN STEEL
PLOWS,

As Extra Shares and Land Sides can be furnished, which can be readily attached without the inconvenience of going to blacksmith, or returning your plow to the shop.

We are also manufacturing

Black's
Gang and Trench Plows,

Which was awarded the First Premium at the Illinois and Iowa State Fairs, upon trial.

This Plow has been thoroughly tested, and we offer them with a knowledge of their practicability and with confidence of their coming into very general use.

DEERE & CO., Manufacturers,

Moline, Illinois.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,

General Agents, No. 56 North Second St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Osage Orange Seed

From Texas Once More.

The subscribers having had fourteen years' experience in importing Osage Orange Seed from Texas, prior to the Rebellion, are now preparing to open trade again on an extensive scale. From their past experience and present facilities, they feel confident in offering a large amount of seed early in the coming season, on the best terms; and as the seed will be gotten out, packed and transported under their personal supervision, they will be warranted fresh and sound.

Inquiries addressed to OVERMAN, MANN & CO., Box 100, Normal, Ill., or 600 Bloomington, Ills.

Normal, Ill., Sept. 1st, '65.

N.B.—Our Mr. Mann, an old resident of the "Bo-dark" or Osage Region, is now in Texas giving his personal attention to the gathering of the seed, &c.

O. M. & Co.

DR. WHITTIER,

Longer located in St. Louis than any other Chronic Disease Physician. Office 65 St. Charles St., one square south of Lindell Hotel, Saint Louis. All Chronic, Virulent and Special Diseases treated. Hours, 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Confidential consultation free of charge. Call at office and receive Theory of Disease free. Communications by mail promptly answered. My Theory of all such diseases sent free for two 3 cent stamps. [apply]

WESTERN NURSERIES, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The proprietor offers for sale, at wholesale or retail, a large assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, of most all kinds, and are of the best selected fruit for the West, consisting of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Quince, Grapes, &c., and all Small Fruits. Packing and shipping done in the best of order. Address the Proprietor, 223 Locust St. Saint Louis, Mo. [markts] STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.

200,000 Apple Seedlings.

I have a choice lot of apple seedlings, healthy, thrifty and of fine length, as they have been grown in good, rich land, prepared by sub-soiling to the depth of 20 inches. They are preferable to seedlings grown at the North, as they have not been injured by severe freezing. Those wanting seedlings would do well to give us a call. Price \$5 per 1000. N. J. COLMAN.

St. Louis, July 1, 1865.

COMMERCIAL.
ST. LOUIS WHOLESALE MARKET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 23, 1865.

HEMP—The market continues very quiet, but prices are generally without material change. Sales to-day were 11 bales dressed at \$260; 14 bales do at \$263; 6 and 60 bales prime undressed at \$175; and 50 bales baled tow at \$175 per ton.

COTTON—The market was very unsettled to-day, and in the absence of eastern orders in the market, it was difficult for buyers and sellers to agree. The sales of the day were 331 bales, in lots as follows: 2 bales new at 43c; 31 at 42c; 4 at 42c; 23 at 41c; 23 at 40c; 40 at 41c; 14, 64, 89 and 26 at 39c; 19 at 38c; 2 at 36c; 19 at 34c; and 5 rebaled at 33c per lb. We give the following as about the market to-day: Good middling, 43c; strict do, 41c; middling, 40c; low middling, 37c, and good ordinary, 33c.

TOBACCO—Market quiet, and rather easier for the lower grades. Sales 8 bds damaged and green lugs from \$3.60 to 4.60; 15 bds factory \$4.80 to 5.90; 10 bds planters' \$6.10 to 7.90; 10 bds common shipping \$8.10 to 11; 10 bds medium do \$12 to 14.25; 6 bds good do \$15.25 to 15.75; 8 bds common manufacturing \$16.75 to 23, and 1 bds fine at \$65 per 100 lbs.

FLOUR—Business reported was not large, but a good deal of firmness was manifested without material change in price. Sales were 258 bbls choice fall super and spring extra at \$7; 150 bbls spring extra at \$7.35; 280 bbls fall single extra at \$7.75; 46 bbls do, at \$7.85; 100 bbls choice do do, delivered, at \$8; 63 bbls double extra at \$8.30; 202 bbls do do at \$8.75; and 1,000 bbls choice city do at \$12.50 per bbl. The only sale of sacks heard of were 100 sacks single extra at \$4 per sack.

WHEAT—Sales were 185 sacks damaged fall at from \$1 to 1.20; 275 sacks common and inferior fall at from \$1.25 to 1.45; 245 sacks fair spring at \$1.20; 215 sacks prime spring at \$1.30 and 1.35; 355 sacks prime and strictly prime fall at from \$1.80 to 1.92; 812 sacks choice at from \$2.10 to 2.15; 75 sacks strictly choice at \$2.25; 130 sacks extra choice at \$2.40 per bushel.

BARLEY—The demand for prime spring was steady with sales of 1,112 sacks choice at \$1.10; and 400 sacks prime do at \$1.05 per bushel, exclusive of sacks.

RYE—Market lower, with sales of 250 sacks prime, in lots, at 60¢ per bushel, sacks returned.

OATS—Market was quiet, without change in price, with sales of 337 sacks prime at 46c; 144 sacks do at 47c; and 534 sacks choice at 48c per bushel.

CORN—Market was unchanged, with sales of 278 sacks rejected at 58c and 60c; 1,150 sacks yellow and mixed, in new sacks, at 66c; 230 sacks mixed at 67c; 100 sacks prime mixed at 68c; and 358 sacks white at 68c per bushel.

HAY—The market was extremely dull, with no purchasers for Government account, and the only sale heard of was 118 bales tight pressed timothy at \$16 per ton.

HIDES—Market steady at 15c@15.2c per lb for first.

TALLOW—Demand and market steady, but none offered.

WOOL—The market continues very steady, with light receipts. Sales to-day were 8 sacks tub-washed at 67c; 1 sack do at 66c; 1 sack do at 65c; 3 sacks fleece-washed at 46c; 5 sacks unwashed at 39c; 2 sacks do at 38c; 1 sack do at 36c; 2 sacks do at 36c; 2 sacks do at 35c; and 2 sacks Southern at 25c per lb.

ONIONS—The market was slow and heavy, and sales comprised 90 bbls at \$1.60; 72 do at \$1.50 per bbl; 150 do in three lots, or private terms; 200 sacks prime and choice at 53c@55c, and 161 do prime at 50c per bushel.

POTATOES—Sales of northern included 30 and 116 sacks, at 60c; 30 do at 55c; and 60 do at 50c per bushel, including sacks. Not many wagons were in to-day, and prices were firmer at \$1.50@1.60 per bbl for Shannocks, and \$1.10 for Millers, buyers furnishing barrels.

FRUIT—Sales 12 bbls new dried peaches, in quarters, at \$3.25 per bushel; 11 bbls choice green apples, Bellflowers, at \$4.50; 53 do choice assorted at \$4, and 15 do prime mixed at \$3 per bbl.

SEEDS—Timothy is dull and drooping. Sales 49 sacks at \$3.65 per bushel, sacks returned; 9 at \$4.25, sacks included, and several small lots flat at \$2.75 per bushel.

BUTTER—Demand good for higher grades and dull for common. Sales 53 packages choice dairy at 38c; 20 tubs do at 40c, and 20 pkgs common at 24c per lb.

Eggs—Market steady and firm at 25c@26c per dozen, recounted and shipper's count.

ST. LOUIS LIVE STOCK MARKET

WEDGE HOUSE REPORT OF STOCK TO DAY

Charles Meyers, proprietor of the Wedge House, reports sales of stock at the Wedge House Cattle Yards for the week ending Sept. 23d, 1865, as follows:

6 cattle, 30c@32c gross weight, 5,320

32 " 40 " " " 32,050

10 " 40 " " " 16,990

35 " 30 " " " 33,450

76 " 32c " " " 55,000

68 " 32c " " " 60,560

210 " 32c " " " 193,760

76 " 32c " " " 74,890

81 " 30 " " " 70,720

69 " 30 " " " 58,850

76 " 30 " " " 63,240

54 " 30 " " " 42,970

356 " 50 " " " 310,180

CATTLE—Sold by the head—\$50 head of common to good cows and oxen; prices from \$10 to 40 per head.

MILCH COWS AND SPRINGERS—In demand and price advancing.

SHEEP—Markt dull and prices declining; \$40 head sold this week at from \$1.90 to 3.50 per head.

HOGS—The hog market is unchanged from last week; sales of 380 head at from 9 to 11c per lb gross.

It is proper to state that the principal part of the sales made at these yards are resold in retail lots.

AUGUSTA NURSERY,
ST. CHARLES, MO.

BY

C. T. MALLINCKRODT,
FOR FALL 1865 and SPRING 1866.

The undersigned respectfully calls the attention of the public to his superior stock of

Apple Trees,

Standard and Dwarf Pears,

Cherries, Plums, Peaches,

Quinces, Apricots,

Nectarines,

Gooseberries, Grape Vines, Blackberries,

Raspberries, Currants, Strawberries,

Roses and other flowering Shrubs.

Also, Evergreens, and Deciduous Ornamental

Trees and Plants.

sept 15-4t] C. T. MALLINCKRODT.

500,000 GRAPE VINES

Most all superior layers of Delaware, Norton's Vir-

ginia, Concord, Hartford, and all the leading varie-

ties. For sale, very cheap. Send 3 cent stamp for a

Catalogue to DR. H. SCHROEDER, Bloomington,

Illinois.

[sep 15-4t] PORTER, & CO.

EXCELSIOR SALE AND LIVERY
STABLE.EIGHTH ST. BETWEEN LOCUST AND SAINT
CHARLES STS., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

The undersigned would inform their friends and the

public generally, that they have thoroughly refitted

and furnished the above stable, for the purpose of do-

ing a livery and sale business. Possessing a thorough

knowledge of the business and unsurpassed facilities,

we feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to all

who may send us their horses for sale. We keep al-

most a good supply of CARRIAGES and BUGGIES on

hand, suitable for the country trade.

[sep 15-4t] PORTER, & CO.

1865.

RURAL WORLD AND VALLEY FARMER.

151

MO. AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE & SEED STORE
BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,
 No. 26 South Main Street, Saint Louis, Mo. Opposite Merchants' Exchange.
 Between Market and Walnut Sts.
 Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES,
 Also, Garden, Grass and Field Seeds.
 AGENTS FOR THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED

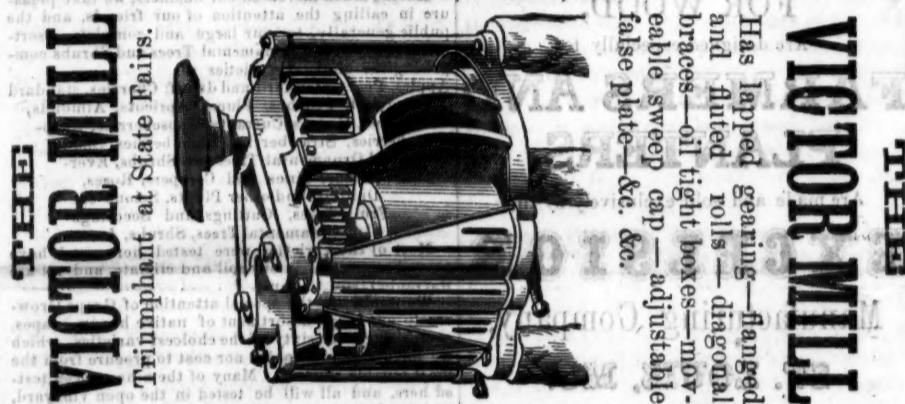
Victor Sorghum Cane Mills,

Manufactured by the Clark Sorghum Machine Co., Cincinnati. Also
COOK'S SUGAR EVAPORATORS.

8,000 in Use—All Warranted.



Also, a large supply of Evaporating Pans, for Brick Arches; Doors and Frames, Grates, &c.



The reputation of this Mill is so great that a detailed description seems unnecessary. In eighteen States, where thousands have been sold, and where it has been put to the severest test, hundreds of operators pronounce it the "Victor Mill" indeed. Those wishing to purchase Sorghum Machinery will consult their interest by examining our stock.

AGENTS FOR THE

GREAT BUCKEYE CIDER MILL AND PRESS.

Also, the well-known

BUCKEYE GRAIN DRILL,

With Broad-Cast Seed Sower attached. Works well where others fail.

NONPAREIL WASHING MACHINES, WITH

THE UNIVERSAL WRINGER.

THOSE DESIROUS OF PURCHASING ONE OF THESE HOUSEHOLD PETS, can refer to B. Bryan, Printer of the Rural World, who will cheerfully answer all your queries as to labor, clothes and time-saving machine. He has seen it fully tested and warrants it to do what is claimed for it. He says no one who gives it a trial would be without it.

ALL THE LEADING PATTERNS OF

Hay, Straw and Corn Stalk Cutting Boxes; Threshers, Horse Powers, Cotton Gins, Plows, Harrows, &c.

THE SORGHUM HANDBOOK very useful to Sorghum Growers, FURNISHED GRATIS.

BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,

NO. 26 SOUTH MAIN ST., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

BELOW WE PRESENT CUT OF

CHAMPION CIDER MILL AND PRESS,

(PORTABLE):

Also well adapted for a

WINE PRESS,

This Celebrated Mill has been thoroughly tested by thousands and pronounced the most perfect Mill and Press ever invented. The Grinding is effected by means of Three Rollers

and

CRUSHES THE APPLES

FINE

INSTEAD OF GRATING

them. It is altogether the lightest running, most durable, and simplest mill ever produced.

For Pressing Grapes, Cur-

rants, Lard and Cheese,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

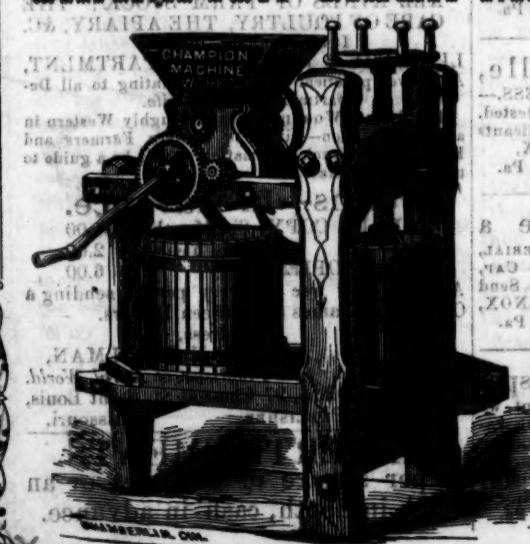
Call and examine Mill or send for descriptive

Circulars of same.

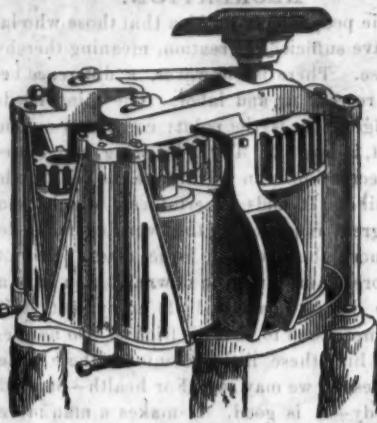
Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

Sole Agents for the Champion Cider Mill,

No. 56 Second St. Saint Louis, Mo.



Herewith we present Cuts of the Celebrated

VICTOR SUGAR MILL
AND
Cook's Renowned
EVAPORATOR.

We deem it almost needless to say anything in recommendation of these mills, as their reputation is thoroughly known in sections where they have been used. For several years our supply of mills have been entirely inadequate to the demand, but we think this year our arrangements will be such as to meet all demands upon us. We are just in receipt of a large lot of mills and

EVAPORATORS!
AT ALL PRICES AND SIZES.

The Cook's Evaporator stands without a rival.

We are also Agents for the
BEST GRAIN DRILLS MADE WITH OAT
AND GRASS SEED SOWER ATTACHMENTS.

Which we are prepared to warrant and sell low. Our stock of

HAY, STRAW & CORN STALK CUTTING BOXES.

Is the most complete in the country comprising all sizes and all prices. Also,

THRESHERS AND HORSE POWERS,
HAND & POWER CORN SHELLERS,**PLOWS, HARROWS, &c. &c.**

We invite farmers and others to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,

Western Agricultural Depot and Seed Store, 56 Second St.
Saint Louis, Mo.

St. Louis Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,

[Established 1845, by Wm. M. Plant.]

[SIGN OF THE GILT PLOW.]

NO. 25 NORTH MAIN STREET,
BETWEEN CHESTNUT AND PINE STS.

Also, No. 208 NORTH FOURTH STREET (Fronting on two streets), & 204 BROADWAY,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

PLANT & BROTHER,

[ALFRED PLANT.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in and Manufacturers' Agents for the Sale of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES,

Leather and Rubber Belting, Hose, Steam Packing.

HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES.

PEARCE'S PLANTATION COTTON SPINNERS.

WOOL CARDING MACHINES, COACH SCREWS, STORE TRUCKS;

CISTERNS, DEEP WELL, ENGINE AND CHAIN PUMPS, &c.

Krauser's Improved Portable Cider Mill and Press.

SUGAR CANE MILLS & JUICE EVAPORATORS.

Cotton Gins, Hand and Power Corn Shellers.

Smith's Patent-Cast Cast Steel Plow.

Deere's Moline and Tobey & Anderson's Peoria steel Plows.

Staffords' 2-horse **SULKY CULTIVATOR,**

Sucker State 2-horse sulky Cultivator.

Selby's double check row CORN PLANTER.

McGaffey's double check row or drill Corn Planter. Brown's Ills. double check row Corn Planter

Kirby's American Iron Reaper and Mower.

Hubbard's 2-wheel hinge-bar Mower.

Sulky and Revolving Horse Hay Rakes.

Palmer's Excelsior Horse Hay Hoisting Fork.

Palmer's Revolving Hay Stacking Machine.

Also, a full supply of Warranted Fresh and Genuine

GARDEN, GRASS & OTHER SEEDS, growth of 1864.

All of which we offer at the lowest possible CASH PRICES.

Call and get Illustrated Catalogue furnished gratis.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1865.

PLANT & BRO.

MISCELLANY.

Here is something from the *Iron Homestead*, as good as the sayings of Artemas Ward:

"Dere maid, I love thy smilin' face,
Thy countenance so sweet;
It is to thee I run and race,
And worship at thy feet."

"Oh, give me just one little word—
Do not refuse, I pray—
Oh, give me murkridge—help me, girl,
And others keep at bay."

"I take an interview with thee,
With thee, dere one, alone;
Wilt thou be flesh of my own flesh,
And bone of my own bone?"

"REPLY.
"You wretched squash, I got your note,
And gave it to my dad;
Who vows that he will answer it,
In person, with big gad."

"I think you'd better go to school,
And study how to spell;
Instead of writing like a fool,
And acting like a swell."

"And if you dare to write again
Another such a scrawl,
My father, sir, will 'tend to you,
And teach you how to bawl."

CONTENTED FARMER.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the King. "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the King.

"Eight groschen," (about twenty cents,) said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the King. "Can you get along with this?"

"Get along and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said: "Well, if I must tell you—two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the King.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen which I lend away I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sisters whom I could not be compelled to keep. This is what I give for the Lord's sake."

The King, apparently well pleased with the answer, said: "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a mystery which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the King. Thrusting his hand into his pocket and counting him fifty bran-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming: "The coin is genuine, for it comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."

THE CIRCUS.

A circus came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the little boys agoing. Quarters of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus riders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity.

"Hello, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?"

"No, sir," answered Johnny; "father don't like 'em."

"O, well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go for once and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny; "my father would give me money if he thought it were best; besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box, twice enough to go."

"I'd go, Johnny, forsooth; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. "Your father needs to know it."

"I shant," said the boy.

"Now why?" asked the man.

"Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been I could not look my father right in the eye, and I can now."

RECREATION.

Some people have an idea that those who labor have sufficient recreation, meaning thereby exercise. There is, however, a difference between recreation and labor. The mind needs a change; that is the point: constantly on one subject, is hurtful. To the laboring man, therefore, recreation is an advantage, as it relaxes the mind. It adds cheerfulness, which is a very great requisite to the working man—to him more than to any large class. Do not therefore blame a man to now and then have a leisure day; to have a little enjoyment—if it is no more than to visit his friends. Do not begrudge him these little reunions, these little happinesses, we may say. For health—of mind and body—it is good. It makes a man more like a rational human being, and not a mere brute or machine, whose only business it is to tug daily. This tugging is not the chief end of man. For health, for happiness then, a little recreation.

FLOWER BULBS.

My Importation of HOLLAND BULBS, will arrive about the first of October, containing a splendid collection of

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[Oct. 1-3]

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Oct. 1. I shall be pleased to

said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the King. Thrusting his hand into his pocket and counting him fifty bran-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming: "The coin is genuine, for it comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."

THE CIRCUS.

A circus came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the little boys agoing. Quarters of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus riders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity.

"Hello, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?"

"No, sir," answered Johnny; "father don't like 'em."

"O, well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go for once and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny; "my father would give me money if he thought it were best; besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box, twice enough to go."

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"Now why?" asked the man.

"Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been I could not look my father right in the eye, and I can now."

Oct. 1-4

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Oct. 1-4

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